

## EXHIBIT E

**DECEMBER 12, 1989**

FILE NUMBER: 183A-3507  
 PLACE: Apartment above the  
 Ravenite Social  
 Club, located at 247  
 Mulberry Street in  
 Little Italy,  
 Manhattan  
 TIME: 7:13 P.M.  
 PARTICIPANTS: JOHN GOTTI  
 FRANK LOCASCIO

*Presiding over the Gambino Family is a thankless task. Ambition and uncontrollable avarice threaten at every turn. Mutual suspicion and*

possible betrayal lurk everywhere. In this conversation, John Gotti complains of the number of companies that his right-hand man, Salvatore (Sammy the Bull) Gravano, is creating or controlling. Gotti worries that Gravano's greed may divide the Family by "creating an army inside an army." His acting underboss (and later consigliere), Frank Locascio, agrees that there is a danger of "creating another faction." Both men remember that it was Paul Castellano, the former boss of the Gambino Family, whose refusal to share his spoils with others in the Family prompted internal resentment. As Gotti puts it: "That's what made me hate Paul." At another point, Gotti remarks, "We got nothing but troubles," sighing that the whole business is making him sick. "You know what I want you to do, Frank?" he jokes. "We gotta both buy chemotherapy with the money I got."

■ ■ ■

(Steps)

GOTTI: Today I go and have lunch. I mixed up about four lunches at once, you know? You know, Frankie, I, I, I don't like you—I love you. I don't like Sammy—I love him. As far as this life, no one knows it better than me. If a guy offends me, I'll break him—that's the fuckin' end of it. But not for me. It's this "thing of ours." It's gotten to be a circus. I'm not gonna leave a circus when I go to jail, Frankie. I don't wanna be a phony. I ain't gonna talk about a guy behind his back. Um, Louie was a fuckin' coffee boy. Know what a coffee boy was? A motherfuckin' coffee boy.

LOCASCIO: You told me once (inaudible).

GOTTI: Never did nothin', I'm telling you again. Never did nothin'. He's a billionaire now. Billionaire, now! Owns



buildings. Throws a half million into fuckin' factories, and, and bars. And all the rest of them. Yeah, yeah, make the faces. But, anyway, this is all well and good. I got guys around me aren't making five cents. This is my back! When "Di B" got "whacked," they told me a story. I was in jail when I "whacked" him. I knew why it was being done. I done it, anyway. I allowed it to be done, anyway. He got there. I saved that whole fucking industry. I got a piece of the company. For a year—an arrangement—a year! They haven't got a fucking job! One job! I got them a job. They got a run-around. I was sent for, you sent for my partners. To the (inaudible). "Johnny Blowjob" sends for him. And they give him a runaround. Come down on the figures. Dupe this guy, dupe that. So, they, they told him taking him, they going to a party. (Inaudible) fuck them! Those Irish motherfuckers! Fuck them. They don't mean nothing to me. I send this "Joe Crotty" here, he's a good friend of ours. He's taken care of dozens of people is in the jail. He done nothing but good things for us. He's in the carpet business. Joe Gallo brought him to me about eight years ago. I put my vote here to get these jobs. "If my name could help you in any point in time, go ahead." He goes there, two months ago. He got thrown out! "Johnny Gotti wants Johnny G. to have it." Where's this guy come in the carpet business? They're in [the] rebar business. There's a conc, there's a builder up in the Bronx. A billionaire builder. The guy's with me, through ARC Plumbing. Sammy sends me word. You were there. Where they told me. Says, "I had the plans ahead of time. Everybody gets the plans when you build, when you bid for it." I sat with the fuckin' owner of the building today. They don't know who the fuck Sammy is. And they don't know who fuckin' Marathon is (inaudible). They knew Marine and them way before that. They were told, this is where I wanted it to

go. So it went to Marathon. "Who's Marathon?" he says today. "That's Sammy." Where are we going here? Where the fuck are we going here? Where are we going here? Every fucking time I turn around there's a new company popping up. Rebars, Building, Consulting, Concrete. And every time we got a partner that don't agree with us, we kill him. You go to the "boss," and your "boss" kills him. He kills 'em. He okays it. Say it's all right, good. Where are we going here, Frankie? Who the fuck are we? What do I get out of this here? Better not become a clown. Where am I going? What do I do with the rest of the *borgata*? You throw 'em in the fuckin' street? The rest of the *borgata*. What are we going to do with the rest of this *borgata*? Hah? Twenty-five *capodecinas*, we got twenty-two, twenty-five "beef" to me. What do I do here, Frankie? Sammy tells me you and him, took a walk, about a concrete plant in New Jersey? Somewhere? I told him when do youse decide to tell me about it?

LOCASCIO: There's nothing for sure. I just got the plans and I asked him. . . .

GOTTI: Yeah, but I told him, "Don't I have the right? Frankie's my 'acting underboss.' Supposed to tell me first, then I'll tell you if it's okay to go ahead or not. I told him, "Now, Sammy, Don't you people listen here?" I mean, where are we going here?

LOCASCIO: This was the plant (inaudible).

GOTTI: Frankie, I won't stop ya, Frankie. I would give ya, I'll go take it in the ass and give ya the money (inaudible).

LOCASCIO: There was nothin'. I just, he said he was gonna meet with, ah, Carl. I says, "Here, show him this. See if he knows this spot . . ."



GOTTI: Frank, I didn't say you did anything underhanded.

LOCASCIO: I would never do anything like that!

GOTTI: I didn't say that. I know you better than that, Frankie. Don't you understand? I want you to own five hundred plants, and I don't tell no one (*inaudible*) about a plant. But I wanna know about it, Frank. I got "beef," guys "beefin'" at me every fuckin' hour every day. Yesterday one of them fuckin' *capodecinas* sent, they sent for me for a glory fuckin' meeting. On Sunday. And the people think that this is my fuckin' green eyes.

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: Couple of our *capodecinas*. You think it's my green eyes. You think this is me doing this! This is not me, Frankie! What do I get outta this fuckin' shit?

LOCASCIO: Which building, er, is this?

GOTTI: It's a big building. I don't know where. Six, six million, twenty million, whatever it is. But what, what, where are we going here, Frankie? Frankie, where the hell did all these new companies come from? Where did five new companies come from? Ah, I mean, when, when Nasabeak died, you were nothing. Louie [Milito] had Gem Steel. You, you told me that the guy talked behind my back. Now you got Gem Steel. The other thing, you told me Di B cried behind my back. Now you got all that! And you got, uh, Bobby Sasso. (*Inaudible*) Hey, Frankie, you're not, are, are, are you gonna, are you in with me, Frank? I'll walk outta here, and we'll terminate our friendship. Is that the way this, is that what our "marriage" is? That's not the way it's gonna be, Frank. I give you my word, Frank. (*Pause*) I, I love you guys. I don't, I don't fabricate no part of it.

LOCASCIO: Why don't you pull him and—

GOTTI: And there—

LOCASCIO: —pull his coat.

GOTTI: —that's why I wanted to end tonight here. I wanted it to end tonight. I just (*inaudible*).

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*) you want me to go and get him? I'll bring him.

GOTTI: No, no, no. No, no, no.

LOCASCIO: I'll go and get him.

GOTTI: This is bullshit! These people are being taken away from him. He's not a *capodecina*. He wants to be a *capodecina*, I'll take him down from *consigliere*, and I'll make him a *capodecina*. He can have all the fun he wants to have. Frankie, this shit ain't gonna take it.

LOCASCIO: I'll go and get him, for you and . . .

GOTTI: No, I'll send them. They're gonna do it. This is not the way this is gonna be, Frank. I'll see him tomorrow, and I'm gonna tell him tomorrow. I told him the other fuckin' day, Saturday. I see eight of our fuckin' kids, none of our kids supposed to be future prospects, like fuckin' bum "junkies," in the hall of the fuckin' house. Where are we going here, Frankie? Where are we going here? This is not my teaching. None of my teaching. (*Pause*)

LOCASCIO: Talking about a house for liars (*inaudible*). He knows what he's doing.

GOTTI: He's not gone, he's home in bed. (*Inaudible*) He's home. He's home at his house. I'm on that, Frank. I'm on every fuckin' thing. (*Tap sound*) Selling half-million, four-



hundred-thousand-dollar deal. You know, Frankie, you could love me, he loves me, I know he does. But Jesus fuckin' Christ! This is not your candy store! You take a cock-sucker like a fuckin' Johnny G., you make this guy rebel against his own cousin. You heard him just now downstairs, the cousin, *capodecina*. I never rehearsed this. I haven't spoken one word to this guy. Gets near you, he rebels against him? I think, he's in charge of, ah, two unions. You got him, Johnny G., working hand in hand with Joe Brewster, in Local 23. You convinced me that's good for me. You got Joe Francolino working hand in hand. Don't you see this or am I, am I talking to myself, Frank? Am I lying, am I out of order here? Correct me! You're my fuckin' "underboss." Correct me, Frankie.

LOCASCIO: I agree with ya.

GOTTI: Am I wrong, Frankie? If I'm wrong, correct me.

LOCASCIO: Fuck, ah, John, it's up to you to pull him up.

GOTTI: Yes, but am I wrong, I'm saying?

LOCASCIO: No, you're not wrong!

GOTTI: But Jesus motherfuckin' Christ, I'm with some people today. Ah, but I was Marine Construction. I said, "Maybe it's because—"

LOCASCIO: Well—

GOTTI: —it's my company."

LOCASCIO: . . . you said it two weeks ago, with Marine Construction (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: You, was he sitting there when I told him?

LOCASCIO: Yeah.

GOTTI: He got nothing! They got no job. If Angelo was sitting next to me, would they have a job? If Angelo was handling Bobby Sasso, would they have a job? You tell me. Right or wrong?

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*) they would get all the jobs.

GOTTI: Guaranteed! And I don't want that, Frank. You know me better than that, I don't want that. I said, "Give him one job." Now, I told him—

LOCASCIO: You get Bosco off your back, 'cause he keeps on breaking your fucking balls (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: (*Inaudible*) Frankie, the guy gives Joe Watts nine thousand every two weeks. He takes a third, and I get two thirds. Don't I get two thousand a week? Don't I get two thousand a week pay? Who gives you two thousand a week? (*Inaudible*)

LOCASCIO: But he should, he shoulda done something.

GOTTI: Nothing! And, since March! That's too many months in a fuckin' year, Frank. And I'm not gonna go for this shit. And another thing, this shit about your "*decina*" is on welfare. And another fuckin' "*decina*" is on, on easy street. I purposely done that tonight with Jackie and this "Butterass." He gives me this Arpège, this fuckin' Jackie with this fuckin' guy. I purposely told "Butterass," "Bring the guy down, Tuesday." And I told Jackie, (*coughs*) "Can ya get the guy?"

LOCASCIO: When he comes, chase him.

GOTTI: No, I told Jackie, "Can you get the guy?" He says, "No, I can't reach him." "You can't reach him? Ain't he with you?" "Yeah," "And you can't reach him?" "No." So, I showed him. (*Low voice*) (*Inaudible*) You follow me, Frank? I mean, this guy's with you. Frankie, you'd think they'd know



how to get him. Okay. Them two get "pinched." You follow what I'm trying to say, Frankie? Where are we going here, with this (*inaudible*)? This is the new game. You gotta (*inaudible*). We got tough guy's tough guys with us. They look at me like I'm fuckin' nuts. And you think that I was, I'm reaping billions of dollars, Frankie. I, I, I don't want none! I don't want a fuckin' thing! And this guy, I mean, what's—I love you. Where are we going here? You know what's frightening to me, Frankie? I love him. I don't give a fuck, because I know I blast him a little bit and he'll slow it down. What happens when I go away, or I'm gone? When I'm dead, Frankie? Youse two guys are the fuckin' guys I, nothin'! Fuck me! The whole "Family" gotta go and find out. Is this what we gonna invite? This is probably what happen? I'll throw myself in front of a fuckin' . . . (*pause*) I'm sick, Frankie. I've been sick over the whole weekend. You know what I mean? I love the guy. I go up to the hospital, I see his kid. I find out he bought the fuckin' moped.

LOCASCIO: He did?

GOTTI: Yeah! No (*inaudible*).

LOCASCIO: But did you tell him that he (*inaudible*)?

GOTTI: He's got them, he's gotta tell, if your kid done that, you would've, you would've—

LOCASCIO: Thank God that he's all right. You would've thought—

GOTTI: Good he's all right. But then you wanna kill him for what he done, right? I mean, right or wrong, he's got to whack the kid down.

LOCASCIO: You done good.

GOTTI: Yeah! So, I told him, "You didn't do a nice thing, son?" But then I kept my respect. I didn't, I didn't know what I said. I told him, "He didn't do a nice fuckin' thing. You're being buddies, that makes you happy? She's gotta cry? Make you happy he's gotta be sick. We gotta be sick? Dozens of your father's friends? That makes you happy?" I told him, "I had a son like you. Make a little tough for the guy. I go and visit him every Saturday, Sunday, eleven o'clock in the morning. That what you want your mom and dad to do? They'll do it. You'll have your fuckin' home in the cemetery." I mean where we going here? We're creating . . . (*inaudible*) these fuckin' kids. You know, Frankie? I'm not a jerkoff. If I see kids go, I should never (*inaudible*) I hate them, Frankie. I hate them. Nobody had it worse than I had it in life. And I didn't need that shit. You know what I mean. I didn't need that shit. Take a couple of Scotches and go fuck yourself, know what I mean?

LOCASCIO: Well, I wanna see what, what's happening. We got that tire disclaim coming up. 'Cause if . . .

GOTTI: (*Coughs*)

LOCASCIO: —I wanna see how he's gonna act during that. I'll fight it tooth and nail down the line, you know, because it's . . .

GOTTI: There's nothing to fight, Frankie. It's (*inaudible*) said.

LOCASCIO: It's my people against his people.

GOTTI: Yeah, but no, Frankie.

LOCASCIO: But you—

GOTTI: That's no good. I don't even want none, part of it.



LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: I gotta be honest with ya. I don't want any part these kind of things here because I could see, we ain't got our, we ain't got the *borgata* in hock no more. Now we got ourselves gain *(inaudible)*. And that's not for me. That's not John Gotti. At least I hope that's not me. Maybe I see myself in the light that I'm not in, I don't know. But that's what I feel I am. But, but, but, he's gonna get it off me pretty good tomorrow. And I wanna know everything that every one of these guys are in. What businesses they're in. I wanna know when they got in them, and how they got in them! That fuckin' guy.

LOCASCIO: That's it, the key. That's the key . . .

GOTTI: I wanna know when and how they got in them. These are all businesses that nobody had a fuckin' year ago, Frank! On my back? I got a million *(inaudible)* good guys. My son didn't open no new companies up. My brothers didn't. My son-in-laws didn't. Nobody opened no new companies up. They took it upon themselves. "Joe Piney" and, and, and Sammy, he made my brother Pete get involved with that fuckin' asshole with the "Windows." Never made a dime. He's going to jail for it. Well, tell me something that one of my family got that they never had it before. I'll make ya fuck me in the ass. But that ain't what I'm getting at, Frankie. That's not the way this is run. And you should know better than that. You've been around long enough. This is not the way a fuckin' *borgata* is run. And I shouldn't break my fuckin' heart. When, when I hear you're *(inaudible)*.

LOCASCIO: In reality *(inaudible)*. In reality, you put everything on him.

GOTTI: Yes.

LOCASCIO: If it's anything to do with construction.

GOTTI: Why did I do that? *(Tap sound)* What, what did, what did I do that for, Frankie? What did I do that for, Frankie?

LOCASCIO: You might be able to, the way you said before—*(inaudible)*.

GOTTI: *(Inaudible)*

LOCASCIO: —fuckin' *(inaudible)*.

GOTTI: I did! But why did I do that for, Frankie? If I did that to you, that means you gotta make a ple—a pleasure thing out of it? *(Pause—radio in background)*

GOTTI: For Christsake, I love you more than I love myself, for fuckin' Christsake! I'm worried about you going to jail. I don't give two fucks about myself going to jail. Don't I know they ain't gonna rest until they put me in jail? So I fight it tooth and nail to the fuckin' end. But at least if I know you two guys are out here, we got a shot. Somebody got a shot, Frankie. Maybe our kids gotta, my kid's in trouble. Maybe some other jerkoff's kid's in trouble, they come to you. You guide them right, give them a little lecture. And maybe, we gotta think there's some proper resemblance of a "Family." Where else can you lead them? Don't you see it? With this Johnny told me on the phone, forget about it. Don't you see what I mean, Frankie? *(Inaudible)* the guy cried today to me on the fuckin' phone. He's in jail. Says to you *(inaudible)* he send his lawyer, his private investigator. You asked for help, I send you the help that you asked for, you listen? Did ya speak to the lawyer. *(Inaudible)* Yeah, he walked away. He says, "Minchia, he treated me like an equal." Johnny told him. And he got through with it. He said he sent word to that other guy, about what they should do with the other guy. He



told him, "I don't know." (*Tap sound*) Pretty fuckin' (*inaudible*) but that's selfish people. We're not selfish, Frankie. And every time I sit down, every time you fuckin' talk with somebody, they have another business. What business you in? Where the fuck are you going here? Where the fuck are we going here? Ya know what I mean? Where the fuck you kidding somebody, or what? (*Pause*) Listen, Frankie, I coulda been like other cocksuckers. Put Sammy in. Who's gonna challenge me? Who's gonna defy me? What are you gonna do? Take a shot, (*inaudible*) sleeping, like I did to the other guy? No! (*Inaudible*) Frank, I welcome that, Frank. I'd welcome that. I'll kill their fuckin' mothers, their fathers. I, but I would welcome that, Frankie. But I'm saying, I'm not going for that. They don't belong here. You belong where you are! That's the way I feel in my heart. He belongs where he is. What tomorrow, I didn't give him no fuckin' gift, bring you no gift, Frankie. I didn't give you no gift, because you make good meatballs? You deserve to be here! But that don't mean you gotta fuckin' rob the "Family."

LOCASCIO: He's telling the truth. He belongs—

GOTTI: He does, he does belong.

LOCASCIO: He belongs there. More than anybody that I can think of.

GOTTI: He does. You're right.

LOCASCIO: They think they only control (*inaudible*) whichever way—

GOTTI: But you know that, Frankie, as well as I do.

LOCASCIO: But this has been going on for two years, John.

GOTTI: I know it, Frankie—

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: —but I'm trying to say . . .

LOCASCIO: You said it two years ago.

GOTTI: Yeah, but I'm trying, you know what happened? Joe Arcuri came to me one day, crying. He's a fucking pain-in-the-ass old-timer. He's one of us. He ain't a bad guy. He's one of us, Frankie. He's an old-time "captain." They thought they were in trouble when we first took over. They so comfortable now. They, they've seen, people see them. They make us stronger by people seeing them. *Minchia*, these guys didn't gobble up the old-timers. It's good for those guys. He says to me, "Jesus Christ." He says, "John. I'm there like I'm lying." I said, "That's my fault. Go ask Joe Arcuri." I said, "That's my fault. I picked on him." It wasn't my fault. I didn't pick on him. He, he uncovered a guy through this Johnny G., uncovered a guy through this Bob Levy. Where, where are we going here? What are you create snakes here? Monsters? (*Pause*) I mean, Frankie, I don't like you guys, I say it and I don't say it loosely, I love you guys. But, but I gotta be honest, I gotta be me, Frank. I can't, I can't just fuckin', ah, and, and if you tell me you put an extra fifty thousand in the envelope, I don't want it. If, if you're gonna fuckin' break everybody's heart, I don't want no extra fifty thousand. Keep it. I got no big fuckin' needs. I ain't [got] no big mansion needs, you know what I mean? And this is fuckin' insanity. The guy, the other guy comes, there's three in a row. Don't even know each other, the three lunches, Frankie, I was sick to my stomach. The last one I know better. We go by the Marlin where (*inaudible*) kill ourselves. They're crazy. I meet this Buddy Leahy. The guy's the nicest guy in the world. He's giving that fuckin' punk ten



thousand a month. In jail with Jimmy, ah, Coonan. This kid's gettin' "shaken down" for like thirty thousand a month, Frankie. What the fuck? He's gotta live. Fuckin', I said to him, "What happened with that job down there?" He says, ah, ah, "Carbone, whatever the fuck his name, Mike Carbone called up and he hollered at me. I'm not to go, bid any jobs." "Who the fuck are you talking to? This guy's my partner! Who the fuck are you? You're a legitimate hard-on, and he's a legitimate hard-on. Youse two legitimate hard-ons. Where did you get this confidence from?" You follow what I'm trying to say, Frankie?

LOCASCIO: Confidence comes from Sam.

GOTTI: Yeah! So, where did you get this confidence from? (Pause) But you know, I even told him, "You know, Sammy, you, you see the fuckin' trust I put you, in faith. I told the whole 'Family.'" I told Joe Watts, "You see where I put (inaudible)." You tell me that you don't want nobody to see, "Jeez, 'boss' to protect you, I'd rather nobody sees Bobby Sasso but me." You think I'm fuckin' stupid? (Pause) I mean, I mean where am I going here? "Yeah, yeah (inaudible)." I got other people I'm responsible with, too. So, the guy told me, he said, "I just, I just fired ninety of my guys." Tell Joe Watts downstairs, if I, on my son's grave, I told him, I said, "Well, I don't know how you could salvage anything right now. Ya, you're not gonna get me, my nose all—Whatever Sammy done, he done on my orders. You could ask for, for this mama (phonetic), Mamona (phonetic) cocksucker, didn't do it on my orders. His ass I'll fix! Sammy done it on my, I'm responsible, totally responsible (inaudible)." Joe Watts (inaudible). I says, "And you can start by ending my salary. I don't need no salary. Whatever you gave Joe Watts for him and me, end it. We don't want it no more. So, that's a burden off your

fuckin' back. You're right. Eleven months I never got you one job. I got you chased off three jobs. That job, that's, that's six, seven-million-dollar job. That job belongs lock, stock, and barrel! 'Cause I was with the boss, the owner, and the contractor today."

LOCASCIO: Who wound up—

GOTTI: They did. They did. Marathon, Sammy. Sammy and this guy, Joe Madonia, whatever the fuck his name is. He says, he said, "I waited for orders for a month." He said, "I sent word to who you'd want me to give it to!" He said, "This is what I was told." I don't care if I had to pick between Sammy and this Irish fuck. Sam's with me anyway. But this Irish fuck, I never woulda got two hundred thousand from. He had me in conversation. But I don't even care about that. But you don't need eight jobs, he don't get nothing. This guy's been in the business for fuckin' seven years. You just formed this fuckin' company. But, ya, ya, ya, I don't know if you follow me, Frankie. I mean, maybe I'm—

LOCASCIO: But I'm hearing it.

GOTTI: I mean this is not right here.

LOCASCIO: Of course not.

GOTTI: This—

LOCASCIO: It ain't, ain't right. It ain't right. Let's not argue. But I think you should pull him up and say this, er, this is '89. It ain't gonna happen in '90 because—

GOTTI: I'm gonna do it. I, I'm telling you. Listen—

LOCASCIO: Whatever happened, happened in the past. Let's forget about it.



GOTTI: But not only that. But there's no past with him and I, and you and I, Frankie. We're too close for that. We're too close. I, I, I coulda done this a stupid way. (*Inaudible*) and there's no future (*inaudible*). This bothers me. And you shouldn't wanna bother me. Correct it. If I had an end coming, which is gonna hurt you there, keep my end. Do it right. Don't you understand make people love you? Doesn't he understand people gotta like you guys. I mean, don't you understand that, Frankie? You're, and don't have to [have] people fuck you in the ass for people to like ya. Ehh, believe me, Frankie, people are scared. I like it when people (*inaudible*). Don't you realize people hate it? But you don't believe me. So, now, now, that's no good, because it breaks my fuckin' heart. Breaks my fuckin' heart. Who the fuck wants to be here? We got nothin' but troubles. I got cases coming up. I got nothing but fuckin' trouble. I don't feel good. I gotta fuckin' sit here. I gotta sit here with my closest two friends. Not even, even if I sit here with guys which are, a *capodecina* that's from New Jersey, you wanna pull his cover a little bit. Ya, ya, ya, you guys are, ah, youse are supposed to be pulling my covers, I, I gotta pull his fuckin' cover. And I tell him a million times, "Sammy, slow it down. Pull it in a fuckin' notch. Slow it down! Pull it in a notch! You, you, you come up with fifteen companies, for Christsake! You got rebars; you got concrete pouring; you got Italian floors now. You got construction; you got drywall; you got asbestos; you got rugs. What the fuck next?"

LOCASCIO: How the fuck did he get "Windows"?

GOTTI: Yeah, they goin' to jail!

LOCASCIO: We got, we got the word. But I shouldn't blame him.

GOTTI: Garbage! You told me—

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: Don't you think I, I told him the other day, when he said to me, "Jesus, the, the garbage club, ah, if Joe Francolino gets you a hundred thousand I don't want one hundred thousand. You take the hundred thousand. Give me the piece that you've got. X amount for a week for the rest of your life."

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: "But no, I'll give him the book." "I don't want it, Sammy. I want what's right here. You're torturing Jimmy Brown. The *capodecina* gotta come crying here. The fuckin' docks guy's gotta come crying. You got all the *capodecin*s coming crying." And you know I'm not gonna side with them, Frankie, I never did, and I never will. What do you think I told Jimmy Brown, Saturday? You go down and you ask Danny Marino, word for word. I told him, "That's my fault," I says, "Sammy got nothin' to do with Joe Francolino." I said, "I told him," but I didn't fuckin' tell him (*inaudible*). I don't want them to not like Sammy. I don't want them to hate the guy. "It's my fault." I said, "Sammy had nothing to do with it. (*Inaudible*)" I can't keep going around and say it's my fault!

LOCASCIO: The way youse told him, "Construction you take care of. Anything with construction. When it comes to the garbage, Jimmy Brown's (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: But that is Jimmy Brown's—

LOCASCIO: —Brown's decision."

GOTTI: Right.



LOCASCIO: Can't be—

GOTTI: That's right.

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*) okay.

GOTTI: And I just told him that.

LOCASCIO: The grudge (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: And I just told him, last night he was there, I grabbed Joe Francolino. I told Joe Francolino, "Listen, Joey, you're a nice fella. (*Coughs*) You're a 'friend of ours.' I made you a 'friend of ours,' through your cousin Eddie Lino, and that gang (*inaudible*) we knew good things about you, or because Sammy put a good word out for you. For no other reason. No other reason. Your cousin is a *capodecina* now. I'm supposed to put you with him. Johnny Gammarano's cousin, he was a *capodecina*, I should put him with him. I don't take all our money people and put them in a fuckin' *decina* and leave the *capodecinas* naked." That's not the way this goes and you know that, Frankie. How would you like it if you had nephews or cousins and they put them in different fuckin' *decinas*? That's not the way this goes here! All right? So, now I told Joe Francolino, I says, "Joey, you're making a decision? Tomorrow (*inaudible*) you're making the decision, without Jimmy Brown's knowledge, you (*inaudible*)." "No," he said, "I thought you wanted it that way." "Well, maybe I slipped and told Sammy that. Maybe I told Sammy." You know I never told him that. I never told nobody to override Jimmy Brown. I mean where are we going here, Frankie?

LOCASCIO: Anybody would ask ya, Jimmy Brown woulda asked ya. This we don't want.

GOTTI: Heh, but Christ almighty. Where the fuck are we going here? This is not, ah, yours for keeping. You're gonna die someday. Even, if God forbid, hopefully, it's when you're ninety-five, in your sleep, a heart attack. But, like Angelo, he's gone; you're dead! Gonna go to jail, or some fuckin' thing. Is this what we working for? To leave a fuckin' mess behind?

LOCASCIO: Messes we don't need.

GOTTI: For Christsake.

LOCASCIO: Just got over messes.

GOTTI: *Minchia!* And you know I tell you the fuckin' truth, Frankie, I, I don't believe I'm lying. And, more important, I don't believe in that fuckin' bulldozin'. That's what made me hate, really, fuckin' Paul. You, ya, you couldn't get a fuckin' ham sandwich. Everyone is right. He sold the *borgata* out for fuckin' construction company. And that's what we're doing. That's what we're doing right now. I don't know if you could see it, but that's what we're doing right now. Three, four guys will wind up with every fuckin' thing. And the rest of the *borgata* looks like fuckin' waste.

LOCASCIO: In defense, in defense (*inaudible*) what would happen to these businesses if he didn't put these people? (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: (*Inaudible*)

LOCASCIO: Would, would there be other people involved?

GOTTI: Sure!

LOCASCIO: Except for Marine I'm talkin'.



GOTTI: Sure! Sure they'd be involved, what are you talking about?

LOCASCIO: In other words, the people that he's putting are taking away from (*inaudible*), from others.

GOTTI: Sure.

LOCASCIO: That ain't right. That ain't right! Eh, if there was nothing there, and he's creating something, that's different.

GOTTI: Yeah, but you're creating under this flag, Frankie!

LOCASCIO: It's not like (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: Where, where's my piece of these companies?

LOCASCIO: Right. That's another thing. But there's nothing wrong in creating new.

GOTTI: Yeah, but where, er, let me tell you, Frankie, there's creating and there's creating. Now look, Frankie. You wanna put your head with a fuckin' Sammy. You're too bright for that. (*Pause*) Di B, did he ever talk subversive to you?

LOCASCIO: Never.

GOTTI: Never talked it to Angelo, and he never talked to "Joe Piney." I took Sammy's word that he talked about me behind my back. Louie, did he ever talk to any of you guys?

LOCASCIO: No.

GOTTI: I took Sammy's word. Louie DiBono. And I sat with this guy. I saw the papers and everything. He didn't rob nothin'. You know why he's dying? He's gonna die because he refused to come in when I called. He didn't do nothing else wrong.

LOCASCIO: You have that meeting yet?

GOTTI: No. Gonna have it tomorrow.

LOCASCIO: Because at that meeting, I predict he's gonna bring you fifty.

GOTTI: But I wouldn't take nothing.

LOCASCIO: You don't think—

GOTTI: I wouldn't even take it, Frankie. I'm not a goon. I'm not a grease—

LOCASCIO: He's buying it, he's buying lunch.

GOTTI: Never take me, bring me to lunch, Frank. Frank, if it wouldn't be for the other guy I wouldn't take nothing. That I shouldn't see my kids alive. I will not take nothing. This guy can't bring me nothing. But I should take that and more, the cocksucker! I wouldn't take nothing from him. He's gonna get killed because he, he disobeyed coming. And we had no bad intentions when we first sent him his fuckin' (*inaudible*). But where are we going? What am I doing here, Frankie? Where are we going here? Every fuckin' time we, we're parking a fuckin' company. Where's my end of these companies? These other people wanna open companies. Gonna give me a, a sixth. Gonna give me ten thousand a fuckin', every two weeks, a month, whatever the fuck it comes to. Where's my fuckin' end of these things there that my name is all over the fuckin' lot? A fuckin' hard-on like Johnny G. He's one of the reasons Genie's in jail. He's a fuckin' hard-on. (*Pause*) Go against your own cousin. Go against your own uncles. Fuck you, think you're kidding? Love nobody. Love nobody. Who do you think you're fuckin' kidding? (*Pause*) I, and I'm not gonna get myself sick,



Frankie. And he's, he's, he's creating enough (*inaudible*) these fuckin' situations. But one thing I ain't gonna be is two-faced. I'm gonna call 'em like I see 'em. That I gotta do till the day I die.

LOCASCIO: What was he telling ya? (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: Yeah. I was gonna, I, I, I waited, a lot of people (*inaudible*) see even Johnny D'Amato knew it. You know I was gonna over it tonight. Today I would bet, I don't feel that fuckin' good (*inaudible*) it looked like it had the earmarks of a nice day and to, to get all this Christmas shit out of my system, and I go—

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*) names suggested.

GOTTI: Yeah, yeah. I don't know. Think, have a few names (*inaudible*) Frankie. But I don't know if I wanna do that either, no more. I don't know about this tokenism shit. What, what, where these, what did these guys ever do? Tomorrow they'll ask me to make them "captains." Ya know? What, where are we going, Frankie, here? Gotta prove whether we need them, and who deserves it. This here tokenism shit is over, Frank. I'm, I'm a (*clap sound*) I'm, I'm sick, Frankie, and I ain't got no right to be sick. I ain't got no right to be sick. I had twenty *capodecin*as with us Saturday. Ten or twelve were ours. Five or six from other "Families." I, I excused myself. I told them, "I gotta go meet a girl." I went to the hospital to see Sammy's son. I gotta get myself double sick. I came home I got caught in that fuckin' traffic. The next morning, triple sick, we're at the cemetery. Then go make other guys happy, at a (*inaudible*). Then go to the fuckin' wake. I, I'm not going partying. I'm not going to race, popping girls. I'm not doing nothin' fuckin' selfish here, know what I mean? But I'm not gonna go every fuckin' block and hear a "beef." And I keep,

telling people it's my fault. "I told him to do that. I told the guy to do this. I told the guy to do that." What the fuck? Am I nuts here? If I go to jail they'd be happy! "*Minchia*, (*inaudible*) we finally got rid of him." Hah! They don't know, they got no new *cazzu*! [*prick*]. (*Pause*) I wasn't even gonna say nothing until he was here. Ya know, I wanted to have the two of youse together. But I'm, I'm getting myself sick, Frank.

LOCASCIO: Gotta get it out. You gotta get it out.

GOTTI: I, I don't—

LOCASCIO: You can't hold it.

GOTTI: —wanna get myself sick.

LOCASCIO: You can't hold it. So, tomorrow, I think it's the best thing for you—

GOTTI: These guys look, these guys look at me, these people look at me. But they, I don't even have to explain it. Anybody that don't see what's going on is a fuckin' lunatic. Is a fuckin' jerkoff. Hand job, and that's the end of it. I mean, you kidding? You wanna take these fuckin' guys that were welfare cases. People hanging around Frankie DeCicco. Welfare motherfuckin' cases! They end up (*inaudible*). Nobody is gonna act that. Just by that. Frank—

LOCASCIO: If I could (*inaudible*) here comprehend that. I know, I know what you told me. But I can't comprehend that. Who (*inaudible*) fuck asked that he's this?

GOTTI: Oh, he's in good shape, you know that. Oh, you don't know he's in good shape? Whoever gave him the money, if Sammy gave him the money, or you gave him the money, the guy's in good shape, come on. The guy was a bum. He



owed every fuckin' Tom, Dick, and Harry will you please?  
The guy was a bum! You, do you know the guy?

LOCASCIO: I don't know him. But you told me.

GOTTI: I know the guy intimately! For twenty years. What am I talking? Sixty-eight is what? Twenty years. I know the guy intimately twenty-one years. Do you know what "intimately" is? Used to bring the coffee to me and Frankie. *(Inaudible)* shot? That was this scumbag. So, you don't know the guy, that's what I'm saying, Frank. It's amazing how, I don't understand some people. I don't *(pause)* I got five hundred guys that *(inaudible)* none of 'em are like that.

LOCASCIO: Even me.

GOTTI: We got guys that have been hanging around, caught with *(inaudible)*. I could do that. Can't I do this here? Can I put guys in spots? Can't I fuckin' give guys, ah, these positions? And make guys rich? I never did that for one guy, and I'll never do it for one guy. This fuckin' cripple downstairs, "Jackie Nose," I give him, every week out of my pocket. Every week, Frankie. Every week he gets two thousand dollars. Where do ya think I get it? From a fuckin' mulberry bush? That "junk" business? I told him the other day, "When you, when, when are you gonna start providing for yourself?"

LOCASCIO: Start providing. Jump off with a, a reduction.

GOTTI: Do some fuckin' thing! *(Pause)* But I'm not, ah, again I'm not "beefing," Frankie. That's not the way things, and I told him, "What am I creatin' here?" Ya know, I don't create a cripple here. Ah, even these other guys, ya know, you gotta get a tongue-lashing, you'll get it. I gotta get one, I get it *(inaudible)*. Look at this fuckin' guy, too. Jesus Christ! You

know what this guy told me today? This, ah, carpet guy? "Minchia," he says, "ah—

LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: —I thought I had the fuckin' contract. As soon as your name comes up, I get pushed out by our people! With, with the construction company, *(mumbles)* I, I, I, I was making all kinds of money," the guys says. "I was the biggest in the city. I made you a partner, I can't get a job!" He don't make—Minchia! My fuckin' nose is wide open! You fuckin' kiddin' somebody, or what? And I see it. I see it myself. I don't need him to tell me, I don't need nobody to tell me that. *(Pause)* Fuck, where ya going here? Where ya goin' here? *(Pause)*

LOCASCIO: Who's that builder Marano? Builds in the Bronx, ya says?

GOTTI: He might be, Frankie I, I, I, I lose. I know the guy, Jamie, that's aligned with us. The guy we meet today. I was waiting for you to meet him. *(Inaudible)* Who do I got prove this kind of shit. I don't, I don't know nothin' about building. I don't *(inaudible)*, anything. All I want is a good sandwich. You see this sandwich here? This tuna sandwich? That's all I want—a good sandwich. *(Background noise)* I was thinking, Sammy gives me the shit. I send that fuckin' moron I got downstairs for a brother, he says, "I have the, the, the plans there." Yeah, you have the plans there. Don't you think I wasn't gonna inquire about that? Every fuckin' guy that bids the job gets the plans! How you gonna bid the job without plans? How could you bid a job without plans? Without no plans you bid a job? I didn't know that. 'Cause I told the guy. He's, he, he had the plans *(inaudible)*. He says, "John, we all got the plans. Every fuckin' company."



LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*) company (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: What the fuck, you crazy or what?

LOCASCIO: You pay so much for the plans.

GOTTI: Yeah! You tellin', so you tellin' a *babbeo* [a dope] like me, I don't know that. How would I know about that shit, you know what I'm saying, Frankie? (*Pause*) I put him in charge of that, and even more, for the simple reason, Frankie, I think he's qualified and capable. And I love the guy. Then I don't wanna have to fuckin' watch a situation, so I put him there. If I put you there, I gotta watch you? You there to watch it for us. (*Pause*) Fuck! Make ninety billion dollars! You wanna make legitimate businesses? Make them! Give me a third of the illegitimate shit, keep the fuckin' (*inaudible*).

LOCASCIO: But ya see like (*inaudible*) you know Jimmy Brown is unique. He's unique (*inaudible*) 'cause Jimmy Brown is there. There's an older guy. And that's all he's doing.

GOTTI: That's right.

LOCASCIO: He ain't putting (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: Right, and they make a candy store out of it.

LOCASCIO: Jimmy's unique.

GOTTI: And ya make a candy store out of it.

LOCASCIO: Whatever he does, all right, comes in here.

GOTTI: And what (*inaudible*).

LOCASCIO: Should watch them. Jimmy's unique. And ya got to be nice (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: But, but, but, Frankie, you don't need (*inaudible*).

Once you got (*inaudible*) we're gonna be all right. We get rid of these fuckin' lawyers and fuckin' "rat" tapes, we're gonna be okay, Frank. We're all gonna be okay. And nobody seem to create.

LOCASCIO: Ah—

GOTTI: But you don't cripple people.

LOCASCIO: If, if I could suggest something. Why don't you try and get somebody that is qualified (*inaudible*) in construction. Make him just to handle the administrative things, you know?

GOTTI: Well, you know—

LOCASCIO: You know like ah, ah, ah—

GOTTI: —but you know what, Frankie—

LOCASCIO: —I think that would take the greed away from—

GOTTI: What happen, you know what, Frankie? That doesn't bother me. It doesn't even bother me if he had six, seven companies, companies himself. You know what I would tell him? You would be, I'll tell him, "Let me know when ya feel you're gonna choke. Keep that. (*inaudible*) you're gonna choke. But you're not doing that! You're creating a fuckin' army inside an army." You know what I'm saying, Frankie?

LOCASCIO: End up creating another faction.

GOTTI: That's right!

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*) you're, you're saying it mildly.

GOTTI: You know—



LOCASCIO: Another faction.

GOTTI: —what I'm saying. And you're not gonna do that! I'm not gonna allow that.

LOCASCIO: Shouldn't be.

GOTTI: He wants it, he could have fifty fucking businesses! I don't care, Frankie. If you, but I'm your brother, Frankie. You know when I hear something good about a guy, I'll probably be in jail, because I get caught on tape bragging about it. But, but, Frankie, how many times you tell me (*inaudible*), Frankie, and Tommy Gambino we brag about his (*inaudible*). *Minchia!* I'm proud for the guy. I don't, I don't wish the guy no bad. But, Jesus, we're, we're bragging about a guy with his money. (*Coughs*) (*Inaudible*) want his money? If I hear good about you, and we got no problems, I'm glad. *Minchia!* Ah, ah, I got one less Jackie to worry about, all right? But you ain't gonna create a fuckin' faction. No. That, that shit, I saw that shit here. I saw that shit and I don't need that shit.

LOCASCIO: No good. And that's what got him weak. That's what got him weak.

GOTTI: Sure. But you'll see—

LOCASCIO: The reason I don't want to lead to that.

GOTTI: You'll see that, Frankie. I mean—

LOCASCIO: "Let's get this and let's get that, and maybe we can sweeten this here, maybe we can get this here. How, how could we do? Well, we get rid of that." No good. That's no good.

GOTTI: We're making fuckin' laughin' stock. We be back like other "Families." Laughin' stock. (*Pause*) I called the shot. They already got that in the Colombo "crew." Now they're gettin' it in, ah, Vic and "Gas." For what? The troops can feel it.

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: Ya kiddin'? It's only natural, Frankie. But it shouldn't be here. It shouldn't be here. We see each other three or four times a week. It's not like the guy's in Boston, and we're in fuckin' Providence. We see each other three or four times a week. There should be nothin' that we can't fuckin' talk about quick! Over with, next problem! Ya know what I'm saying? The thing that I don't see you for three months. You got a problem up there, and I don't, I don't handle it for three or four months. *Minchia!* I'm a cocksucker. We see each other, only three days (*inaudible*). Thursday morning, that's it. No big deal! And Sammy I meet four or five days a week. There's no, there's, there's no need for this fuckin' nonsense. And you know, there's nothing wrong with you. What are you giving these fuckin' kids? Every kid who comes on your corner are gettin' all our piece of the company jobs. These are not your fuckin' private toys. Every Teamster foreman, the guy comes from his neighborhood. Do you know that? I see that, I see that.

LOCASCIO: That's why Tuesday night is a big night.

GOTTI: Huh?

LOCASCIO: That's why Tuesday night is a big night.

GOTTI: Yeah! And that's not good, Frankie. Come on! Where are we going here? Don't you think other people see it? How many guys told me this? How many *capodecimas* tell me?



Don't I tell them? Because I don't want a fuckin'—I could even say it, that he's wrong. Will say I'm a jerkoff. So I say, "I want it that way. That's the way I do it." (Pause) You ask Joe Arcuri tomorrow, Thursday, if I didn't say that Sunday. "That's the way I want it. I don't wanna hear nothing." But I don't want it that way! What am I saying that's the way I want it. (Pause) You tell me, "I got a million irons in the fire, chief." What am I supposed to, love that? Money's—That's not me, Frankie. I never was that way, and I never will be that fuckin' way. I remember how I used to fight. I wanna hear, if we got fifty jobs, maybe three, if Frankie's got three cripples in the Bronx, give him three. Give this other guy a cripple, over there one. Give that guy two, take four! (Coughs) Ya got cripples to be here, (inaudible) to come over here on Saturday, payroll day? Who has it coming to them? (Pause) Ya know, I, I, I could never see that, even years ago. Any good leader stops these things. He won't let these things happen. Can't see that situation happen. Someone'll think you're a figurehead, some jerkoff (inaudible) and that I ain't, know what I mean, Frankie? You know, I didn't care, ah, Louie DiBono, opened up a business for him. He hates Louie, Louie hates him. Why did they go together, Frankie? (Tapping sounds) You know he hates, he wanted permission to shoot Louie DiBono. Louie DiBono wanted permission to get him shot. Why did they go partners, Frankie? After Nasabeak got sick. Well, if the two guys hate each other, why would you think they become partners? Greed! Both sides. I mean, ah, ah, ah, unless you can come up with a fuckin' magical word. To me it was greed on both sides. Him, he figured Louie, (inaudible) himself. Louie figured he's close to the top, hearing everything. Ya know, it was just a little greed. (Mumbles) But ya know, he was looking to fuck him, and he was gonna fuck him. (Clap) And just what happened

now. Know what I mean? We got another fuckin' situation (inaudible) fuckin' (inaudible). They sent me word in jail that you got ten percent. Guy never had nothin' in his life; a fuckin' jerk like me. Best I ever did was go on a few hijackings. Never had nothing in my life. Ya know (inaudible) they grab everything. (Inaudible) bucks. You're telling me, I got ten percent of a million-dollar business.

LOCASCIO: Million, million dollar's worth of business!

GOTTI: Yeah. *Minchia!*

LOCASCIO: (Inaudible)

GOTTI: You know what I want you to do, Frank? We gotta both buy chemotherapy with the money I got. You know, so this is what we get after two and a half fuckin' years. So, so why do you give me Arpège when you got a piece of (inaudible) a piece of what? A piece of what? And every time I see a kid that was a hobo, "Kid's a no-good cocksucker." You were telling me the story. He tells who with this Frankie Dap? He tells me, "This kid's a little cocksucker. I'm gonna split his head. I wish you would let me split his head." This [was] over three and a half years ago, four years ago. Frankie DeCicco [was] alive. Frankie dies, the kid hangs around with him a little bit. What a beautiful kid, the kid is. Got him the head Teamsters job. The kid drives a fuckin' Mercedes-Benz. He makes somebody to straighten him (inaudible) take it easy. Let's go back to your first opinion. Take it easy. You know, Frankie (inaudible) where are we going here? (Pause—radio in background) No, no, good, Frankie. No good. I know you know, and I know I know (inaudible) that, that, that he knows it, too. Sammy knows it.

LOCASCIO: You gotta pull him up—



GOTTI: Sammy—Frankie, if I thought different, believe me—  
Frank, (*inaudible*), ya know I love the guy. Much as I love you, but I'm more—But I just gotta say what I feel, Frankie. He's my brother. And if I think he done some wrong, I'll slap him on the hand. He knows it. You know that. You know I'll pull him up a million times. But do you agree with me to, to, he's doing—

LOCASCIO: Definitely, it was wrong.

GOTTI: I mean—

LOCASCIO: There's creating, there's creating, and there's creating.

GOTTI: I'm gonna go to jail and leave him in charge! So obviously, I gotta love the guy! I gotta think he's capable. But not for things like this!

LOCASCIO: I, I think you should pull him up and I think you should take away—

GOTTI: (*Coughs*)

LOCASCIO: —(*inaudible*) business.

GOTTI: I'm gonna do that, Frankie.

LOCASCIO: Let him, let somebody else handle (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: You know why?

LOCASCIO: —(*inaudible*) somebody else handle (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: You know, you know what I'm gonna tell him? I swear on my mother.

LOCASCIO: I'm sure that you know somebody that, that's capable as him when it comes to business. That could handle.

GOTTI: Here's why—

LOCASCIO: Ya start thinking about it—

GOTTI: I could. Yeah, yeah, I could. You know why I didn't, Frankie? I put it all in his lap for one reason, Frankie. You know something, Frank? They used to bring me a pay (*inaudible*) times five weeks (*inaudible*) seventy-two hundred (*inaudible*). (*Coughs*) But, Frankie, you're the underboss. You're my brother. Why I gotta see a paper, (*inaudible*) from you? (*Tap sound*) If you tell me there's two hundred thousand, there's two hundred thousand, Frankie. So, he used to bring me the paper. I told him, "I don't, er, Sam, don't bring me no paper. I don't wanna see no paper." "You know up there I hear?" "Yeah, but what happens if something happens to me? What if that happens to both of us? Look, I don't wanna see no paper." I haven't seen a paper in two years. 'Cause I didn't want to find this out. "Joe Piney" used to show me the paper. You know why I used to look at 'em? Frankie—and I love "Joe Piney." He's a fuckin' idiot. He used to go like this. This, he didn't know what the fuck he was talking about. I know that. But I figured—I didn't know what I'm talking about. He didn't know what he was talking about. So he won't know that I don't know what I'm talkin' about. (*Laughter*) Fuck this. I swear to God, Frankie, I still didn't show it. "What's this?" I used to go (*inaudible*). "Huh, hah." (*Laughter*)

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: (*Coughs*)

LOCASCIO: "Hah, hah, hah, hah, all right?"

GOTTI: So like with Sam (*inaudible*) Sam, not you. "Whatever you say is there, that's what's there."



LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: "Take what you gotta take. Sammy, if you were broke take twenty percent, if there's such a thing." There's six guys in the fuckin' city. Whether it's right or wrong, I *(inaudible)*. I would be a billionaire if I was looking to be a selfish boss. That's not me. You don't know the best part of it. A guy passed a remark just recently. I swear on my mother. "Chief, can I get ten thousand a week?" *(Inaudible)* I went up to see him. Fuckin' MCC [Metropolitan Correctional Center] third floor. "What do you think this [is] some fuckin' gang here? What do you think this is a park here? You a millionaire fifteen times over! What do you need *(inaudible)* bother ya? What are you kiddin' somebody?" Then he said, he said, "I was just kidding." "Yeah, but the guy you were kiddin' *(inaudible)* was a half a cop! I go to jail for that stuff. I don't need you to put me in jail." They don't say it, Frankie, but what I'm getting at is, I don't, I don't, I don't, if I was that other motherfucker! Everything goes on there and nothin' goes out. You know I'm taking care of the people. If you don't believe me, you take care of them! God, God fuckin' bless you! Gimme fifty percent, take the other fifty percent. Knock yourself out because I'll be getting way more than what I'm getting now. What? Bring in papers, we don't need no papers. We brothers, Frankie. We don't need none of these papers and shit—nothin' like that. We don't need none of that. We're too close for that shit. Know what I mean? But Jesus fuckin' Christ! Ya see I got that kind of fuckin' trust and put that *(inaudible)* "Cosa Nostra." We are where we belong. We're in the positions we belong in, Frankie, and, and nobody could change that. But this business thing. Ahh, it's brothers! Please. And if you robbing people on my behalf, stop. When I say "robbing," I don't mean robbing. You

know, ya taking work out of other people's mouths. You wanna rob people on my behalf, stop on my behalf. You feel you gotta *(inaudible)* yours. Like you said, Frankie, guys gotta a right to be in businesses. *(Inaudible)*

LOCASCIO: As long as you're off the record. *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: *(Inaudible)*

LOCASCIO: Not like you're gonna outsmart them.

GOTTI: *(Inaudible)* It's like you were put in charge of the gas and six months from now—

LOCASCIO: What, what, what happened?

GOTTI: Tellin' people I, I think he just told me he got thirteen or eleven thousand *(inaudible)* he's gonna come down. He wages a fuckin' battle and then he—Ya see today's paper? With that? Frank, you should read the column about the thing with that "Frankie the Bug." "Rat!" But look how he got in the paper. But, anyway, listen to me. *(Tap sound)* Ahhh, six months from now, nobody's gonna be in the gas business but you? You'll be in the gas business, Tory, ahh, Vinnie. Whoa! Wouldn't it be the same thing? Ya see how crazy that sounds? Listen up, Frank. Wouldn't it be the same thing? Think about it. Wouldn't it be almost the same? Would it be fair *(inaudible)*? That's all I try to say. And I love him. And I'm sick I'm even saying what I'm saying. And I love [him,] Frankie. I actually [had] three different appointments the other day. Three people. They think I'm *(inaudible)* around.

LOCASCIO: All *(inaudible)* Sal *(phonetic)*.

GOTTI: Yeah.



LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: *(Inaudible)* they're all "beefs." They're all saying, *(coughs) (inaudible)*.

LOCASCIO: It ain't, it ain't no "beef" because nobody *(inaudible)* what I'm telling, John, right.

GOTTI: *Minchia!* Maybe Joe Watts'll be running the whole business. But I feel like a fuckin' hard-on. 'Cause I keep saying, "That's the way I want it." I don't even know what the fuck I'm talking about.

LOCASCIO: We're the only ones that can talk *(inaudible)*.

GOTTI: He had the appointment *(inaudible)*.

LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: *(Inaudible)* Listen to me.

LOCASCIO: That's it. There nobody else. No *capodecina*, nobody else.

GOTTI: Listen, listen. The guy turned around and said that I was told, "That's a 'Family' company and I'm a 'Family' company. And this is the way it's gotta be." *Minchia!* You know enough to use them terms. The guy didn't make up no terms. "This is a 'Family' company, and this is a 'Family' company." Don't you gotta feed them a little bit, too? I mean you know enough to use that terminology. You get what I'm trying to say? You get this other fuckin' *male minchiata* [lousy fuck]. I wonder when he went to the rug business, this cocksucker. *Minchia!* You giving it to a fuckin' —another guy. He can't have it. I told you this is the one I want to have it. He knew the fuck that he was a rat! I won't give five cents. I swear on my son's grave. And if I did, whose

business is it but mine? But today if the best part, if the guy, he says, "Nobody's help to the guy that's in jail." You cock-sucker! They got a comp, they're in the business nine years. Joe Gallo told me. What's—when was the last time me and Joe Gallo was together? Four years ago? When that half-ass got sick three years ago? The fuck are you *(inaudible)*? The business, you, you just chasing everybody out of town? *(Pause)* The fuck, I mean, ah, ah, it can't be, Frankie. *(Pause)* It's definitely not fair. It's definitely not fair. And then—*(Pause)* Probably would say, Frankie, he never *(inaudible)*. They chased him out of *(inaudible)* 'cause Danny, after all, was straightened out. Frankie DeCicco took Sammy, *(inaudible)* Danny to me. You know how I felt about him. Probably won't say he never said anything about a bomb, he called the club, big bomb. I'll pluck his fuckin' answer. But they stole from me. I let him go into *(inaudible)* hellacious thing. And, as you see, I gave him "buckwheats." Okay, you're right. Never got nothing, Frankie. Never got five cents. My birthday, they put three thousand. That's what I got from this guy. I swear on my kid, I'd rather die. I never got a fuckin' tie from this guy. I got a jumpsuit I won't even wear because it ain't ours, Frank. *(Coughs)* But why are they such archenemies? These guys were shit and stink, Johnny Gammarano and him. I never saw him without seeing the other.

LOCASCIO: Were always partners.

GOTTI: Yeah! So, now, I'm laying in bed, I said, "Could it be, this guy, who felt he had the strength in each other, would even chase his own fuckin' cousin?" You were sitting at the table that wasn't strong arm, personally get them out for a reason. Now just the effect it had. I said, "Who— Since when are you and Johnny arguing?" When did this rift come—



LOCASCIO: Not on good terms.

GOTTI: Not on good terms (*inaudible*). "Is this what you want me to do?" I should never see my kids alive. You know, that's (*inaudible*). You know that's, that's not what this is about. This is not what this is about. Somebody got the wrong concept, this fuckin' guy. And I don't go for it. I don't go for it. I can go for anything. I can tolerate anything. But that I ain't gonna tolerate. What the fuck are we doing here? My own fucking brother comes over to me. He's a fucking "act-ing *capodecina*," he comes over to me and (*inaudible*) these guys are four or five guys with me that I whacked. Who knows who half these cocks (*inaudible*) anyway. Or Georgie DeCicco, this Louie, the rest of these fuckin' guys. Whoever tried them? Whoever will try them? But mean-fuckin'-time, he comes over to me, when he's got a problem, I tell him, "Go see Sammy, go see Frankie." Tell once, fifty times.

LOCASCIO: He come today. That, you know, that he seen him the other day.

GOTTI: Who?

LOCASCIO: That Eddie!

GOTTI: They gonna hear about this crook.

LOCASCIO: So Pete come over. He's got, "This guys wants to see my brother about that Frank (*inaudible*) remember?" Says chase him! Tell him that your brother doesn't want to see him, anyway. He told ya, he called him.

GOTTI: I told him a million times, "You got anything, unless it's got to do with your mother," meaning my mother, "I don't wanna hear it. See Frankie, or see Sammy. They're

always available. Don't bother me!" He could tell you if I turned a little (*inaudible*).

LOCASCIO: And after he told him, here in the back room, and they were still there talking, "Ba, ba, ba." I was gonna (*inaudible*). (*Pause*) Bossed them around (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: I can push (*inaudible*) because nothing—Well, tell me who? Tell me who benefited by, by, by making me a partner? And I became a piece. I got a piece of something. (*Pause*) I can't, I can name a dozen guys (*inaudible*). I don't service nobody. Absolutely nobody! Purposely don't make my brother Pete service nobody. I purposely don't. The only thing I make my brother Pete do is he picks up about ten thousand every month, or every other month the kid, from, ah (*tapping sound*), ah, ah, Carl. And he brings it to Sammy. You (*inaudible*) Frank? Or you get it (*inaudible*) so sure about Carl (*inaudible*) expose that. No! Nah, ah—I trust Carl with, ah, just about anything. Get what I mean? Because I mean if he was gonna rat, he ain't gonna wait two fuckin' years (*inaudible*). I know three years. But you understand what I'm trying to say, Frankie? If I got five hundred companies that belong to me, when you say, "Well, they belong to you—me, they don't belong to the *borgata*! Yeah. Well, when you're the 'boss!' " So, you were sure that (*inaudible*) eh, eh, Sammy is the *consigliere*. He could turn the whole fuckin' industry into a private playpen. What could I tell you to do? You know what I'm saying? And I could (*inaudible*) if I didn't know. But if I take every fifty companies, and I say, "Frank, these are what we got.

LOCASCIO: (*Coughs*)

GOTTI: "Handle the fifty companies." How bad a guy could I be? Can you see? If I never see, if I never see one, I tell you,



"Frankie, you gonna see that guy?" "Yeah?" "Tell him this, this, and this."

LOCASCIO: You know what (*inaudible*)? I gotta say it. You're telling of all the businesses that he's got, you don't get nothin? (*Inaudible*)

GOTTI: Other than that I know of. Well, let me put it this way, Frankie. I was getting X amount of monies, the day I became the "boss," when he had nothing to do with this. And Di B and the other guy, and I said, "Sammy, ah, ah, ya got one, ah, a lump one, these fuckin' guys." We grabbed a hundred thousand, got a, twenty thousand went to DiBono. Twenty thousand went to Bobby Sasso (*coughs*) (*inaudible*). Three ways I got maybe twenty or twenty-five thousand. He took the check and I got booked out. Some kind of Chinese checker way. Now, with the money that comes in, that's my business if I wanna distribute it, Frankie. Someday I'll show you what I take out, what I give out.

LOCASCIO: No, but I'm talking about the businesses that he's creatin'.

[ . . . . ]

GOTTI: Frankie, well, Frankie, let me say something.

LOCASCIO: So I assume that—

GOTTI: Well, let me say something to you, Frankie, a minute. The monies didn't change. Like he said to me, like it was about ten weeks, he turned in, he turned in two ninety. He said, "I turned in two ninety." He didn't turn in two ninety. He turned in sixty-three thousand was my birthday money! Youse gave that to me as a birthday present! Am I correct, Frankie?

LOCASCIO: Right.

GOTTI: You weren't, 'cause that, is that, is that a "Cosa Nostra?" But then I'm in the wrong fuckin' businesses.

LOCASCIO: —(*inaudible*) shouldn't have (*inaudible*).

GOTTI: Come on! (*Inaudible*)

LOCASCIO: —(*inaudible*) be, anyway!

GOTTI: Yes, well, so that's what I'm saying. So, if the figure's always been around the two bracket. The two forty like that. Unless we make it go longer and longer. But that's not what I'm getting at. I'm not (*inaudible*)—but I don't give a fuck if there's nothing there, Frankie. I don't want nobody get in trouble. Fuck the people, and that's the only way it goes! An end's an end. But what I'm—you were saying these personal businesses, and when I get told there's a thousand from this company and a thousand for me? Not to my knowledge, Frankie, best I can answer you.

LOCASCIO: All right. Well, because this tire business, and we discuss, I discussed it with him. 'Cause if ah, not, not to get into it. He says, "Out of the dollar, John gets thirty cents, I get thirty cents, and there's forty cents left."

GOTTI: Yeah but, but, Frankie, I—

LOCASCIO: What, what it's gonna come about?

GOTTI: (*Inaudible*)

LOCASCIO: (*Inaudible*) the way he's got it.

GOTTI: How did it come about—

LOCASCIO: He's got the car (*phonetic*)—



GOTTI: Ah—

LOCASCIO: The pie cut up already before we even, ah—

GOTTI: *(Coughs)*

LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: I'm not saying the guy forgets me, Frankie. And, ya know, I won't tolerate that, anyway. I'm not saying that, Frank. This whole conversation *(inaudible)*. We know what I'm in here for.

LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)*

GOTTI: Yeah! Remember that time? You fuckin' *(inaudible)* and I asked you, you told me that's my only livelihood this job. That was three years ago. Couldn't be *(inaudible)*. When I come out of jail. Yeah! So, okay, less than three years. In other words, you told me your only livelihood. Since then, you're in the building business, you in the carpet business, you into this business! You cocksucker! There ain't nothing you ain't into! Where'd ya get this from? Which way? Maybe you become *rappresentante*? *(inaudible)*. Where'd all these come? I mean, do, do you follow me, Frankie? And—

LOCASCIO: Maybe it was wrong for creatin' new—

GOTTI: Yeah, but you're using my fuckin' flag to conquer the fuckin' market. Who the fuck are you? You're creating all these things here. I got made guys that want this business. I got guys in these fuckin' businesses. They, they, they get nothing. *(Sound of something falling to floor)* You know that. *(Sound of something on floor)*

LOCASCIO: But that's what, it came out with this carpet—

GOTTI: Came out with everything, not only the carpet thing.

C'mon. Them other kids got thrown out of three jobs for these for, for, for, for Johnny-come-lately company. And Johnny, they can't do the work that they can do. Nobody can do the work Marine does. Don't take my word for it *(inaudible)*. You heard me say it. They know the guy does the best work, but they don't like Bosco! Who the fuck cares about Bosco! A guy ain't gonna take it on the chin for a million dollars because he don't like Bosco. Get the fuck outta here! Tell that to somebody else, a *babbeo* [dope] who don't know any better. You don't like Bosco! And I don't blame you, 'cause I'm not crazy about the guy. But let's not, let's not jerk each other off here, ya know what I mean? *(Pause)* But I tell ya, Frankie, for me to get sick, and I'm getting myself to the point where I got myself sick because I told him twice already, I told him, "You're there." I don't butt in. When the fuck do I butt in? This [is] like if you're in charge of something, Frankie. I don't question. *(Coughs)* It's not in my makeup. *(Coughs)* "Cosa Nostra," I wanna know everything. But these things, I don't give two fucks about. Ah, you punish a guy purposely. *Minchia!* You torture the fuckin' guy! You fuckin' hard! Your company gets every job! Everywhere you look. He's got five jobs that they can't even do *(inaudible)*. They got [a] brand-new company three times bigger than you, that's my partner, he do one job! Then fuckin' we nuts altogether here or what? And I send him word, I told you, I didn't send another guy to go see Bobby Sasso. I told you to go. You're with me. You're my representative to, to, to Bobby Sasso. Tell Bobby do me a favor and to give him a job. And I'm the *rappresentante* four fuckin' years. I got no companies! The only fuckin' thing I did, I went partners with a company that I put into business five years ago, Albie Trimming, when Paul was alive. Won the permission



from him to fuckin' do it. Got a fucking tongue-lashing. It's on the tape. And I just now got on the fuckin' payroll. I'm trying to keep my ass out of fuckin' jail, no other fuckin' reason. And this fuckin' Marine Construction that the guy got chastised for, for having me as a partner. The guy got chased out of the fuckin' country. He used to get five jobs a year. Now he gets none, none a month. Get the fuck outta here! *(Inaudible)* Gotta chase him *(inaudible)*.

LOCASCIO: The association *(inaudible)* got association.

GOTTI: *(Inaudible)* no, me, I got, ah, the only thing I'm on paper. I get forty thousand a year from the *(tapping sound)* plumbing *(inaudible)*. We get, ah, a thousand a week from ah, ah, *(inaudible)*—

LOCASCIO: You're down for a hundred a year.

GOTTI: Nah, that's it, Frank. *(Inaudible)* just now tax purposes eighty-five thousand. At Easter and I'll be like at a hundred twenty-five or thirty-five thousand, is good for me, Frank. I, I *(inaudible)*.

LOCASCIO: You don't—you don't spend more than that shows.

GOTTI: Ah, ah, you know, you know why, why, Frankie? Even though I never touched it *(inaudible)*, my wife gets like thirty-three thousand. So, now it reads another thirty-three on top of it. Huh?

LOCASCIO: Between you and your wife, it's another thirty-three on the top.

GOTTI: Yeah, but not only that, Frank? I don't—we don't have no, ah, mortgage or anything. The only bill, bills that we got is the fuckin' car payments. Ah, four hundred, three hundred and change.

LOCASCIO: *(Inaudible)* this.

GOTTI: Yeah, nothing, I got nothing!

LOCASCIO: That's nothing, yeah.

GOTTI: All my kids are gone. We gotta [get] outta the house.

LOCASCIO: Ya all cover—

GOTTI: Peter, me, and my wife, we pay for that Blue Cross, and, ah, and the fire insurance on the house. Nothing, believe me!

LOCASCIO: Blue Cross? You covered under Blue Cross?

GOTTI: Yeah.

LOCASCIO: Extended coverage or something?

GOTTI: Yeah, special kind of coverage, you know. God forbid *(inaudible)* nine years. But, ah, but then fire insurance on the house, stupid things. Ehh, forget about it! Couple a thousand a month, Frank.

LOCASCIO: You're well within, well within—

GOTTI: *Minchia!* If I was ever, like I saying, I can get up to, me a hundred and thirty, and that other thirty we—make a hundred and sixty a *(inaudible)* we're well within. *(Inaudible)* you want to know the truth, if they followed us. Other, other than if they get a phone conversation with Becca. They followed us. Joe Watts has got the problem, not me! That fuck, he grabs two checks. Yours and the guy under the table you know that.

*(Pause. Music in background)*

GOTTI: *(Inaudible)* with this cold, coughing *(inaudible)* right?  
*(Pause)*



LOCASCIO: I know this not the problem. (*Tap sound*)

GOTTI: Huh?

LOCASCIO: I'm thinking about this problem. And it's not a problem. It's—

GOTTI: It's not a problem. He's gotta cut it out!

LOCASCIO: Right.

GOTTI: He's gotta cut it out! And he's gotta cut it out. And he's gotta not treat these couple a guy—now you're in Louie's *decina*, who I “made” a *capodecina*, like they fuckin' special characters, and they get all these jobs that belong to the *borgata*. I mean, but, Frankie, every fuckin' Teamster foreman we got, we got nine of them, they're all from that block. Is that what this [is] all about? What, with the Teamsters came from that club? You, you, I don't know what. You follow me?

LOCASCIO: Does he ever come and say, “I got an opening?”

GOTTI: Never! But I never ask him to, Frankie. Do I, do I have to ask you to do something if I put you in charge of something?

LOCASCIO: Yeah, but if he's got an opening, he should come and—

GOTTI: Yes, Frank.

LOCASCIO: “I got an opening. You got somebody?”

GOTTI: No, never! Never once. (*Steps*) Here's what he tells me. Here's what he tells me. (*Steps*) “Gee, that Joe Brewster, he didn't do such a good job. All the Teamsters foremen told me.” “All right, make John Gammarano help to you, if you

want it.” “Go ahead, put him there.” “Gee, Jimmy Brown, all the guys in, in, in the, in the garbage, they're not happy with him, hah? Why don't you put, ah, Joe Francolino?” “Forget about it!” You know, where are we going here? (*Coughs*) And that's it, Frankie. (*Steps*) I mean, the— Like I say, I, I know this life, and I know us, and I know love—but I also have common sense. . . .

(*Steps*)

(*Door is shut*)

(*Music playing*)